

10¢

AMAZING

NOV

# MYSTERY FUNNIES



*In This Issue —*

'SKYROCKET' STEELE,  
THE LAMA OF KADAK,  
DIRK THE DEMON,  
MAN HUNT... AND MANY MORE

*In Complete Pictures*





WEB COMIC  
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*In Complete Pictures*



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Own your very own whisper phone. This is a great way to make money. You can perform at parties, clubs, and schools. The whisper phone is made of wood and is very realistic. It can talk, sing, and do anything you want it to. Price \$10.00. Postage \$1.00.

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PRIZE WINNERS

August Letter Contest

A brand new dollar bill has been sent to each of the following for their excellent letters to Uncle Joe in connection with the contest which ran in the August issue of AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES: Dan Flynn, San Francisco, Calif.; Peggy Brinton, Houston, Texas; Mary Masters, Zions Grove, Pa.; John Allen, Santa Cruz, Calif.; and Betty Ann Carroll, Altoona, Pa. Also, a free annual subscription for AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES has been entered for each of the following: Jack Foley, Woburn, Mass.; William O'Leary, Bronx, N.Y.; Bernice Mae Nece, Marion, Ohio; June E. Montano, Hartford, Conn.; and Lance S. Yamamoto, Aila, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands.

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STAR COMICS—All-star humor, laughs galore, and real fun.

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BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! SEND NO MONEY

Uncle Joe EDITOR.



# "SKYROCKET STEELE"



WELL, STEELE, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT THING? A MODEL PLANE?

KURT, THERE'S SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS ABOUT ALL THIS, BUT I HAVE AN IDEA THAT THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CLUE..... LET'S SEE.....

THERE'S NOTHING HERE - BUT HOLD ON - IS THAT A PAPER? MAYBE THAT WILL HELP US.....

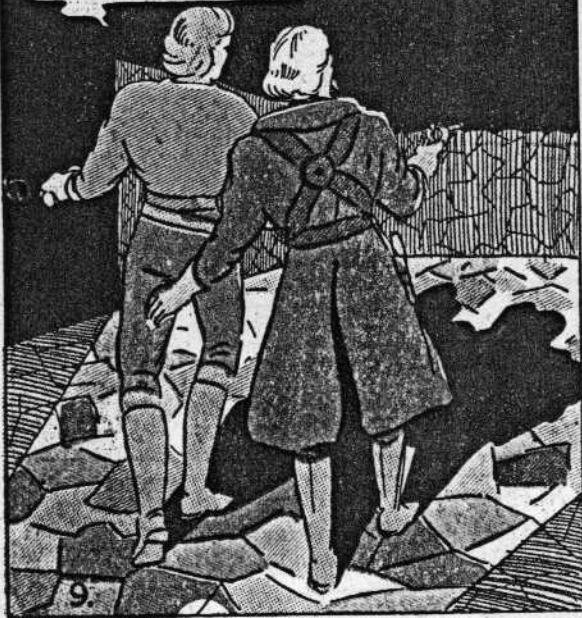






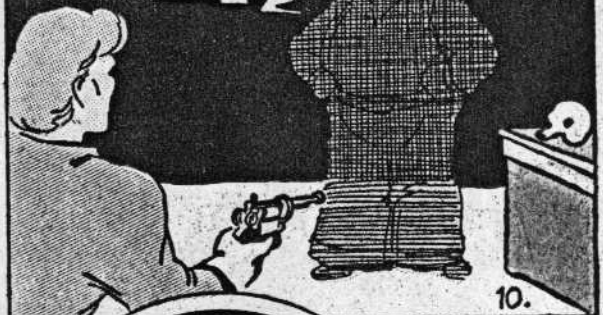


WHO'S THAT ~ AND WHERE ARE YOU? WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED ~ COME OUT AND SHOW YOUR CREDENTIALS!



9.

CR'DENCHULS, YE WANT, EH? AN' WOT'D I BE DOIN' WITH THIM? SURE, AN' I'LL SHOW YA ME FACE, THO' ~ HOWDYA LIKE IT?



10.

NAW, DON'T GIT SKEERED ~ I AINT NO GHOST ~ I'M "INVEX", THE INVISIBLE MAN - I RECKON YE'VE HEARED O'ME, AINT YA?



WELL, MY CURIOUS FRIEND, JUST DROP YOUR PISTOL, AND BE QUIET FOR A WHILE.



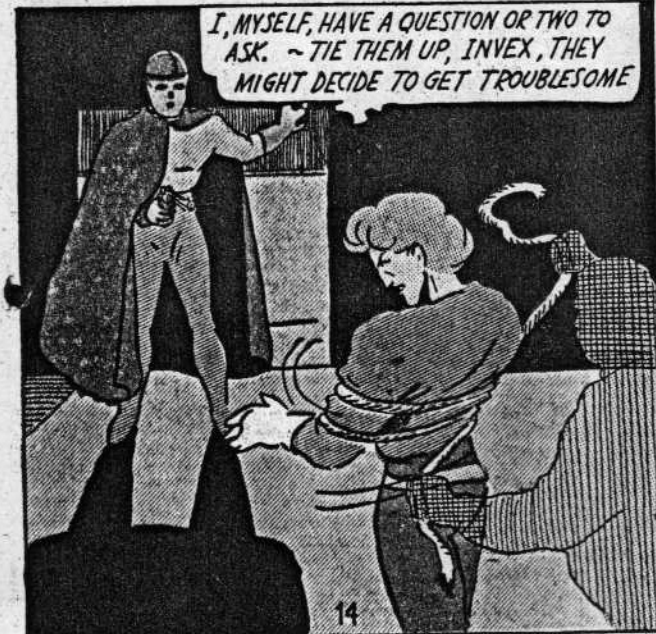
13

NO, I HAVEN'T, BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHERE DID YOU-

SORRY, PAL, I GOTTA FADE ~ HERE COMES THE BOSS!

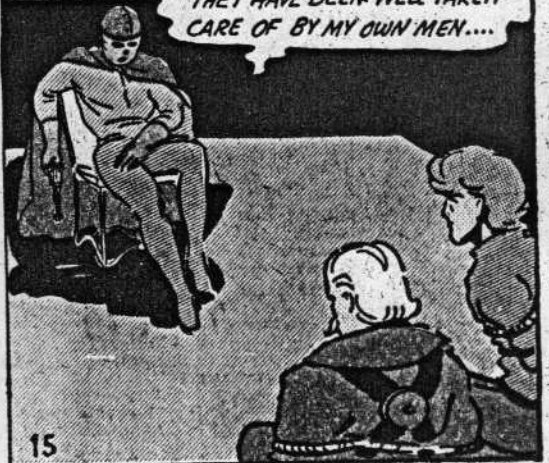


I, MYSELF, HAVE A QUESTION OR TWO TO ASK. ~ TIE THEM UP, INVEX, THEY MIGHT DECIDE TO GET TROUBLESOME



14

SO YOU HAD NO DIFFICULTY FINDING OUR SECRET ROOM, EH? WELL, MY YOUNG FRIEND, JUST WHAT DID YOU EXPECT TO GAIN BY COMING HERE? ~ YOU NEEDN'T SMILE AT THE THOUGHT OF ALL YOUR FRIENDS OUTSIDE COMING TO RESCUE YOU, FOR THEY HAVE BEEN WELL TAKEN CARE OF BY MY OWN MEN....



15



# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

IT WAS QUITE A SIMPLE MATTER TO DESTROY YOUR GUARD, AS I WAS WELL PREPARED FOR YOUR ARRIVAL. YOU WERE EXCEEDINGLY FOOLISH, AND MANNIN IS NOW IN MY POSSESSION!



WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH SARI, THE GIRL?

THE GIRL, MY BOY, I MAY ASSURE YOU, IS QUITE SAFE. I DID NOT WANT HER BLOOD, BUT INVEX, HERE, NEEDS A WOMAN FOR HIS EXPERIMENTS. I'VE PLANNED TO GIVE HIM SARI.



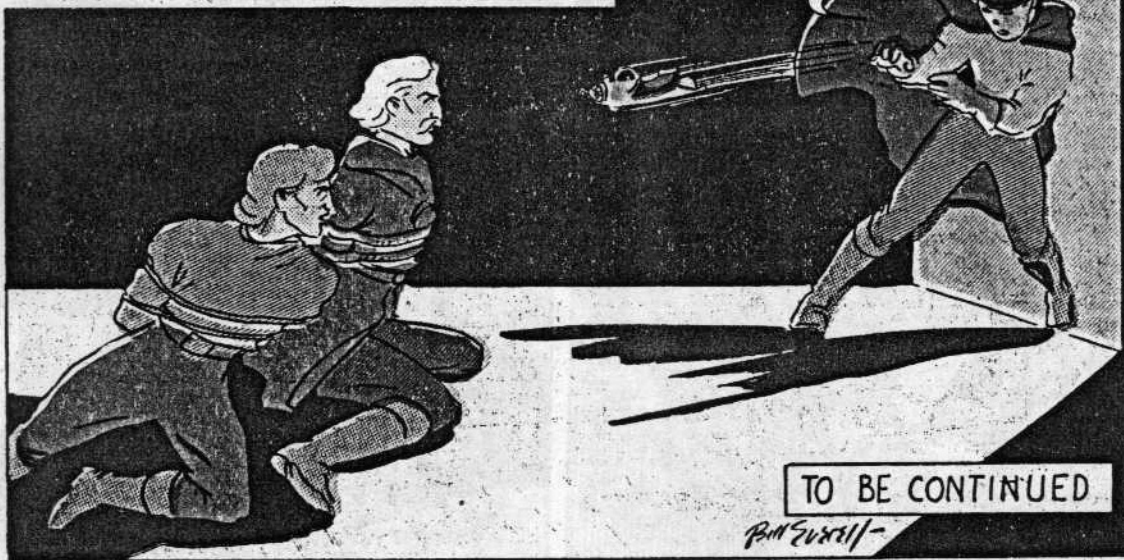
INVEX, YOU KNOW, WAS A BODY OF THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY, WHO WAS REVIVED TO LIFE BY THE LATE DR. IGORAS. INVEX SEEMS TO HAVE A NATURAL TALENT FOR CHEMISTRY.... THIS IS ONE OF HIS LATEST INVENTIONS..... PERHAPS YOU'VE SEEN IT?



IT'S A VERY CLEVER WEAPON~ A SELF-PROPELLED BOMB, WITH A SPRING-RETURN CIRCUIT, FORCING IT TO RETURN TO ITS ORIGINAL BASE AFTER DISCHARGING ITS BURDEN~ A DEADLY MISSIVE!



LET ME DEMONSTRATE! ~GOODBYE, MY FOOLISH FRIENDS!!



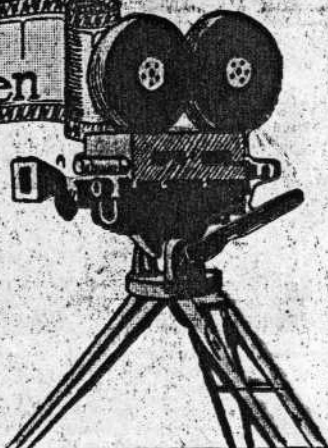
TO BE CONTINUED

Ben Sussell



# Adventures of Newsreel Cameramen

by Frank Frollo



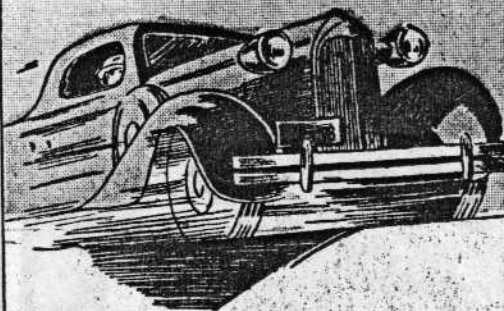
A GRIPPING ADVENTURE STORY  
OF TWO ROVING REELERS—COMPLETE—

RODMAN I'M SENDING  
YOU AND YOUR FRIEND  
TOM NORTON, OUT  
FOR THOSE WAR  
FILMS. I KNOW  
YOU CAN GET  
THE PICTURES

THIS IS THE  
SORT OF A JOB  
WE LIKE

STEP ON IT, TOM,  
WE'VE GOT TO  
GET TO THAT SHIP  
BEFORE SHE SAILS

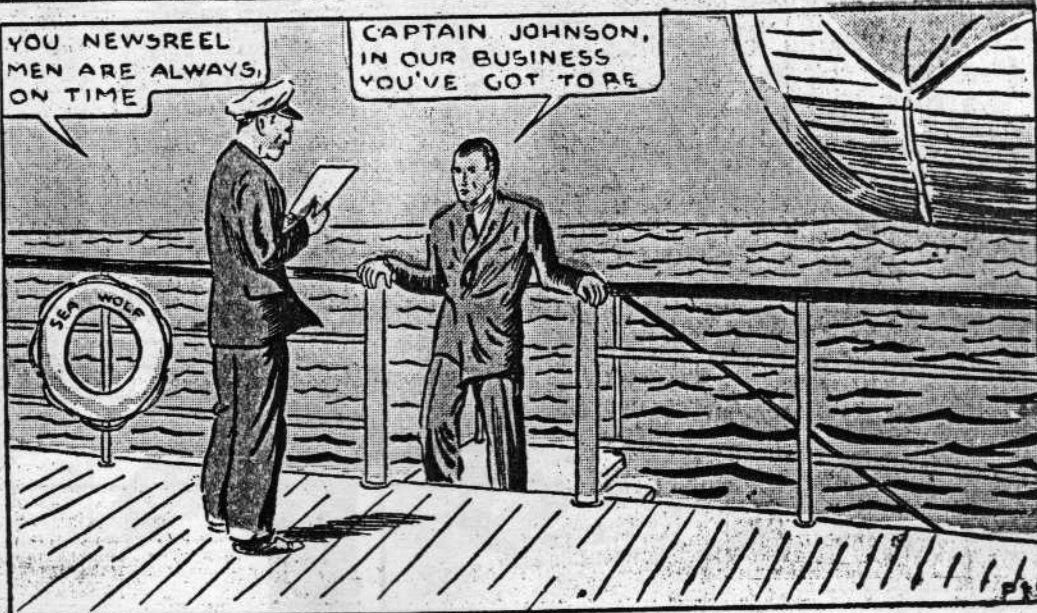
O.K. BILL!



CAPTAIN  
JOHNSON  
OF  
THE  
SEA  
WOLF  
WAITS  
FOR  
RODMAN  
—  
A  
POWER  
BOAT  
COMES  
OUT  
TO  
THE  
SHIP...

YOU NEWSREEL  
MEN ARE ALWAYS  
ON TIME

CAPTAIN JOHNSON,  
IN OUR BUSINESS  
YOU'VE GOT TO BE





# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

MEANWHILE, A SMALL GROUP OF SAILORS ARE PLANNING A MUTINY AS THE SHIP SAILS

DON'T FERGIT T'MORROW AT SIX. RED AN' JOE WILL START D'WOIKS

QUIET, THE SKIPPER

I'M HAVING YOUR CAMERAS SENT UP TO THE BRIDGE

THANKS CAPTAIN I HEAR YOU HAVE A TOUGH CREW ABOARD

AT EXACTLY SIX O'CLOCK THE NEXT MORNING

THERE'S ENOUGH GASOLINE HERE TO WARM SATAN HIMSELF

SHUT UP AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY-- WE GOTTA CALL THE GANG

A FIRE SIR!

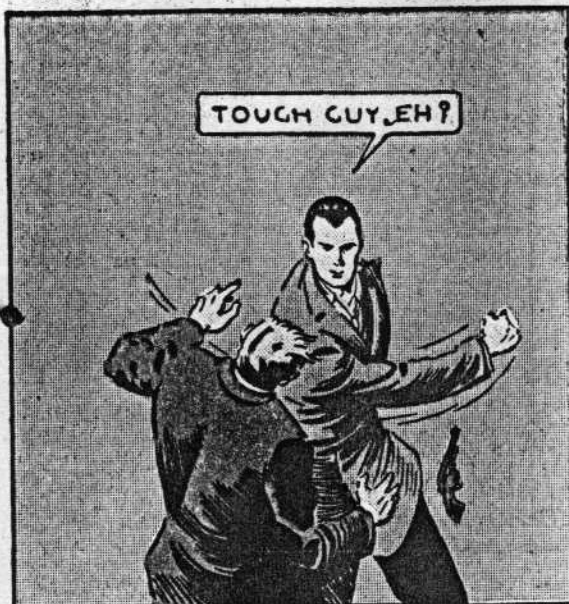
AT THE SOUND OF FIRE THE ROVING REELERS RUSH FOR THE BRIDGE

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BILL

COME ON BILL RUN FOR DEAR OLD ALMA MATER



AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES





# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES



HELLO!  
HELLO!  
WIRELESS  
ROOM?

MEANWHILE  
DOWN  
IN  
THE  
WIRELESS  
ROOM



TAKE YOUR  
FINGER  
AWAY FROM  
THAT KEY

YOU'RE  
THE  
BOSS



GET THE  
CAPTAIN

O.K. WATCH  
THIS



THE QUICK CRACK OF A  
RIFLE — AND CAPTAIN JOHNSON  
TOPPLES OVER —



DROP D'CATS,  
DE BOSS  
WANTS TO  
SEE YOU

ALL RIGHT  
TOUGH GUY



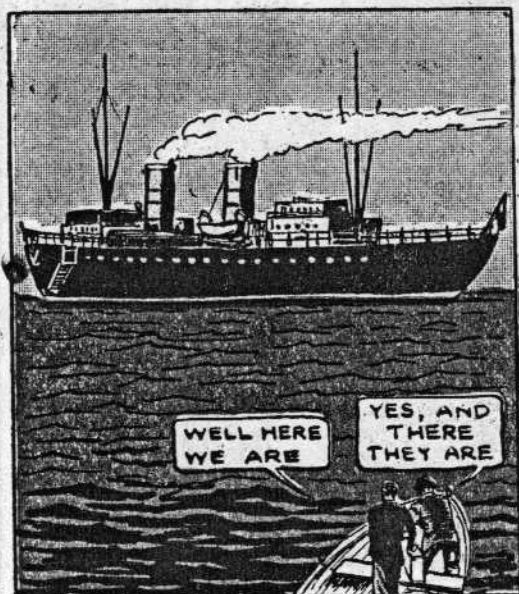
O.K. YOU MUGS! YOU  
PLAY YOUR GAME AND  
WE'LL PLAY OURS.  
COME ON, CALL YOUR  
SHOTS — WE'RE READY —

SET THESE TWO  
MEN AND THEIR  
BLASTED CAMERAS  
ADRIFT

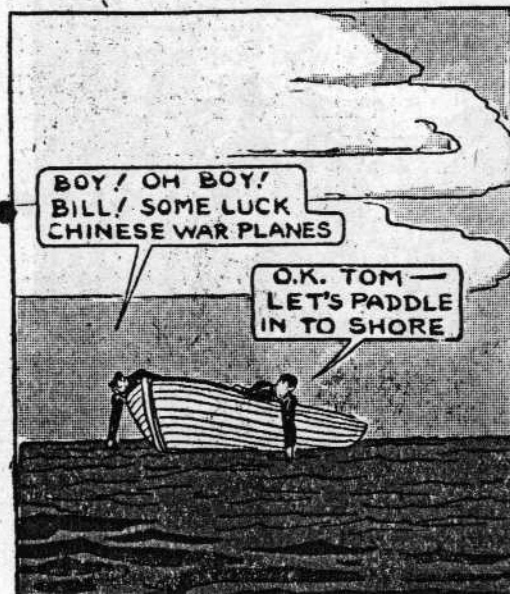
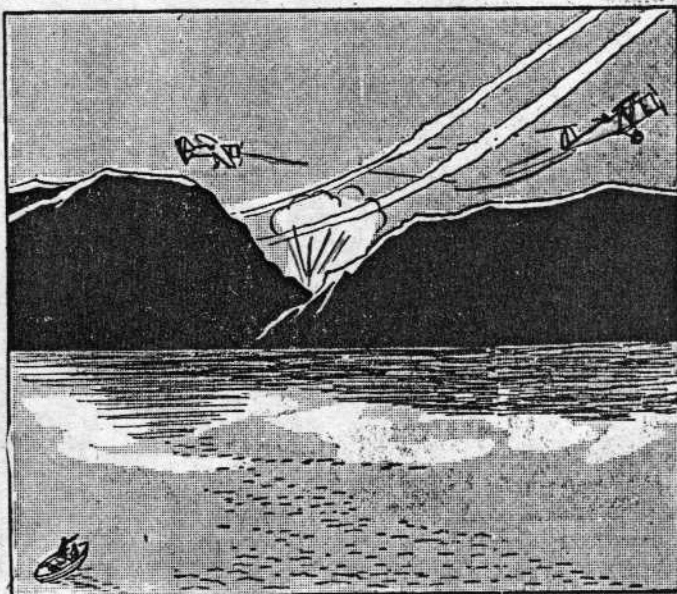
O.K.



# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES



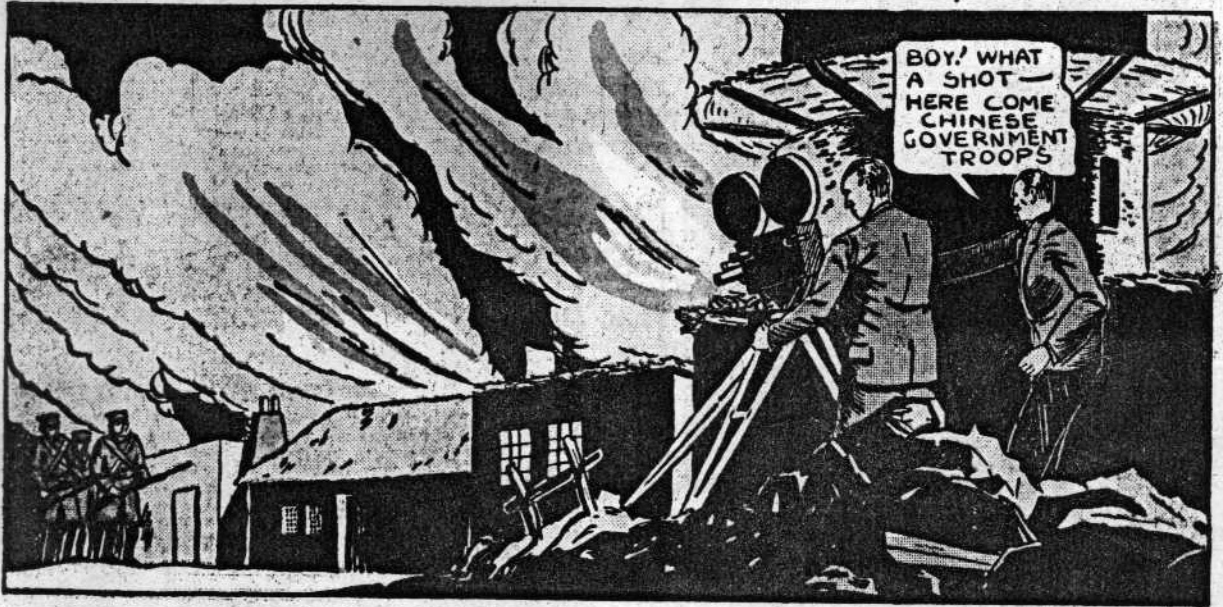
3 DAYS  
OF THIS  
—  
DRIFTING  
GOING  
NOWHERE  
—  
BUT BILL  
AND TOM  
ARE COME  
TO THE  
CORE



AFTER  
FEVERISHLY  
PADDLING  
WITH  
THEIR  
HANDS  
FOR WHAT  
SEEMED DAYS  
THEY  
GAIN THE  
SHORE AND  
CLIMB—  
UP—  
UP—  
UP—

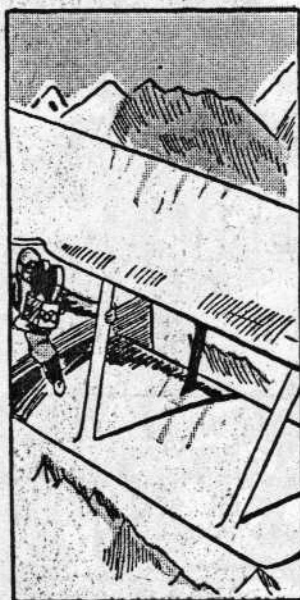








# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES





AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

# THE LAMA OF KADAK

A  
JOE BRAILEY  
STORY



COMPLETE  
IN THIS  
ISSUE.

by VICTOR J. DOWLING

HIGH INTRIGUE AMID THE ETERNAL  
SNOWS OF TIBET -- WHERE NO  
WHITE MAN TREADS

FAR IN THE HIMALAYAN HIGHLANDS  
JOE BRAILEY HAS PITCHED OVER-NIGHT  
CAMP ON THE LONG JOURNEY INTO  
TIBET AFTER SNOW-LEOPARDS





# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

HERE, HERE! SUPPOSE HE DID TOUCH YOUR CHEEK. THEY'VE NEVER SEEN WHITE SKIN UP HERE..AND THAT LAD, KANG, IS A FRIEND OF OURS. HE'S GOTTEN US PERMISSION TOSTAY AT THE LAMA MONASTERY AT KADAK UNTIL AFTER THE THAWS

BRILEY, YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME 'AVE A GUN TO DEFEND ME HONOR.



AND LEAVE A TRAIL OF MURDERED "CHINKS" BEHIND US? NOTHING DOING. COME ON, MAUDIE.- FORGET IT: WE'LL BE IN DECENT QUARTERS BY NIGHT

YOUNG LADY VERY FIERCE LIKE TIGER



THERE'S KADAK NOW! BETTER CHAIN THAT TIGER OF YOURS, MAUDIE.-NO SENSE IN GETTING THESE TIBETANS ALL UPSET



THOSE ARE PRAYER FLAGS. MUST BE SOMETHING GOING ON. WHY DON'T YOU HAVE KANG SHOW YOU AROUND WHILE I UNPACK- BUT KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!

BLIMEY! THAT'S DIRTY LOOKING WASH!

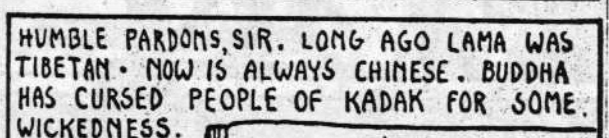
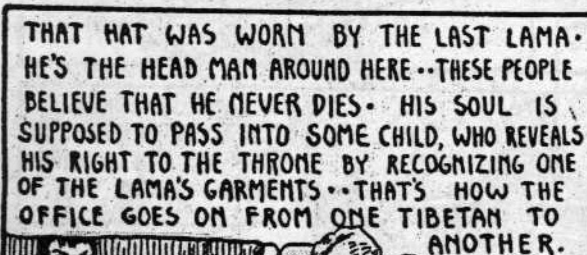


MR. KANG, I'M SORRY I SOCKED YA WITH THAT FRYIN PAN -- LOOK! I'LL SWIPE THAT 'AT FOR YOU.





# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES





# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

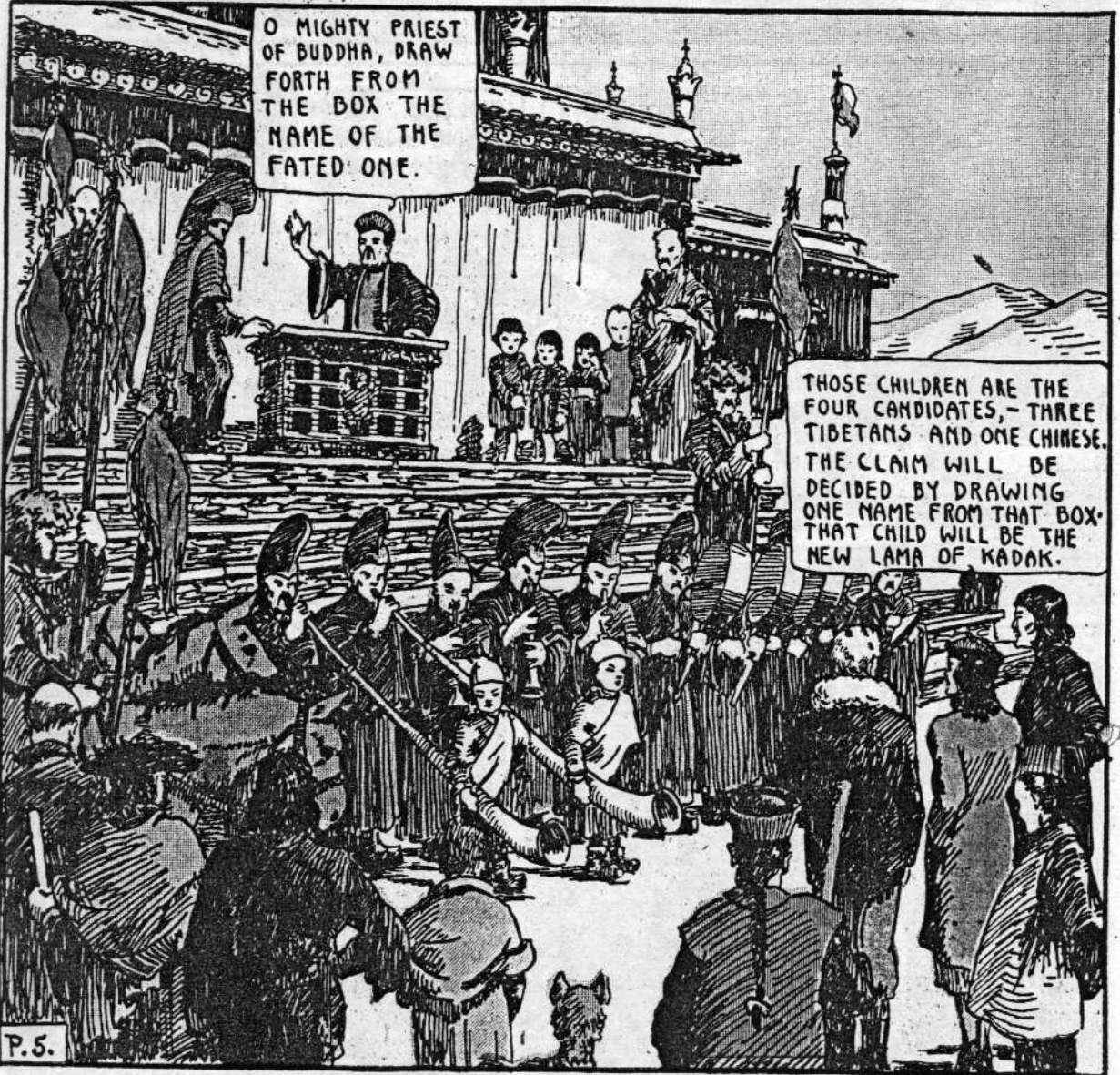
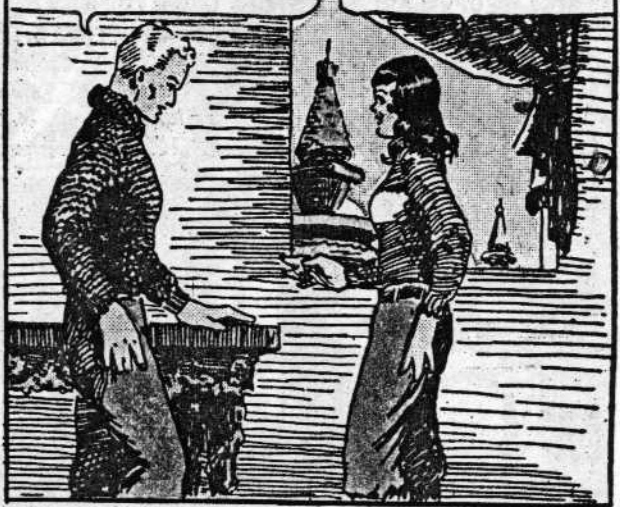






MAUDIE, THIS AFTERNOON  
WE'LL SEE THE NEW  
LAMA PROCLAIMED.

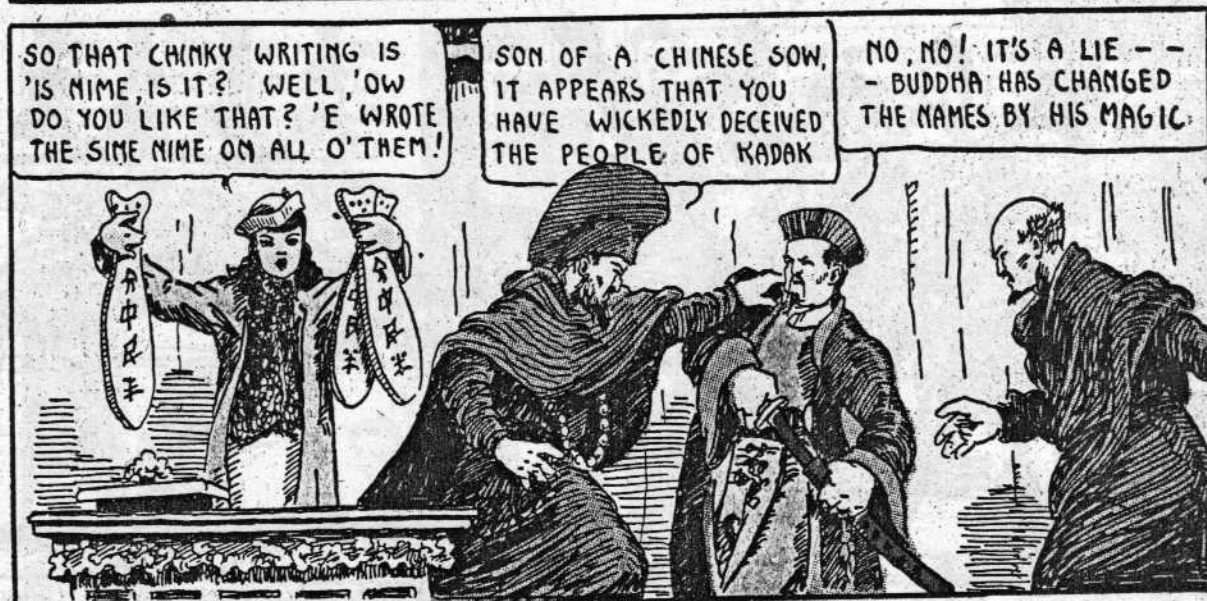
THAT'S FINE, MR. BRILEY.  
I CAN WEAR MY GOOD  
CLOTHES, CAN'T I?



O MIGHTY PRIEST  
OF BUDDHA, DRAW  
FORTH FROM  
THE BOX THE  
NAME OF THE  
FATED ONE.

THOSE CHILDREN ARE THE  
FOUR CANDIDATES, - THREE  
TIBETANS AND ONE CHINESE.  
THE CLAIM WILL BE  
DECIDED BY DRAWING  
ONE NAME FROM THAT BOX.  
THAT CHILD WILL BE THE  
NEW LAMA OF KADAK.







# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

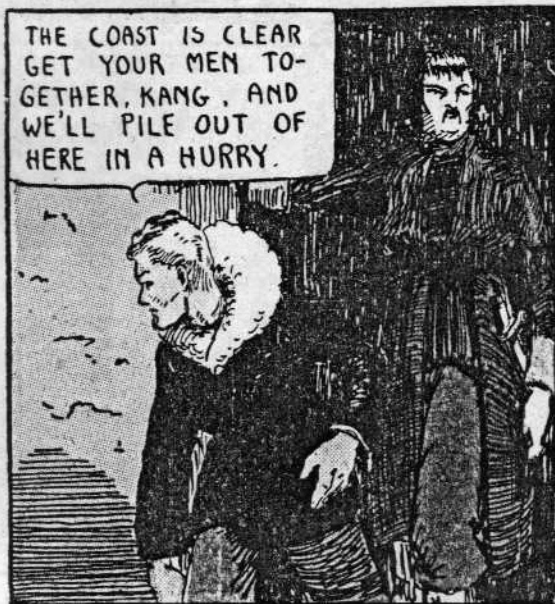
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! EVERY CHINESE IN TOWN IS AFTER US. OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET BACK TO THE RIFLES



RIFLES, NOTHING! WE'LL TURN OLD WHISKERS LOOSE ON 'EM!



THE COAST IS CLEAR GET YOUR MEN TOGETHER, KANG. AND WE'LL PILE OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY.

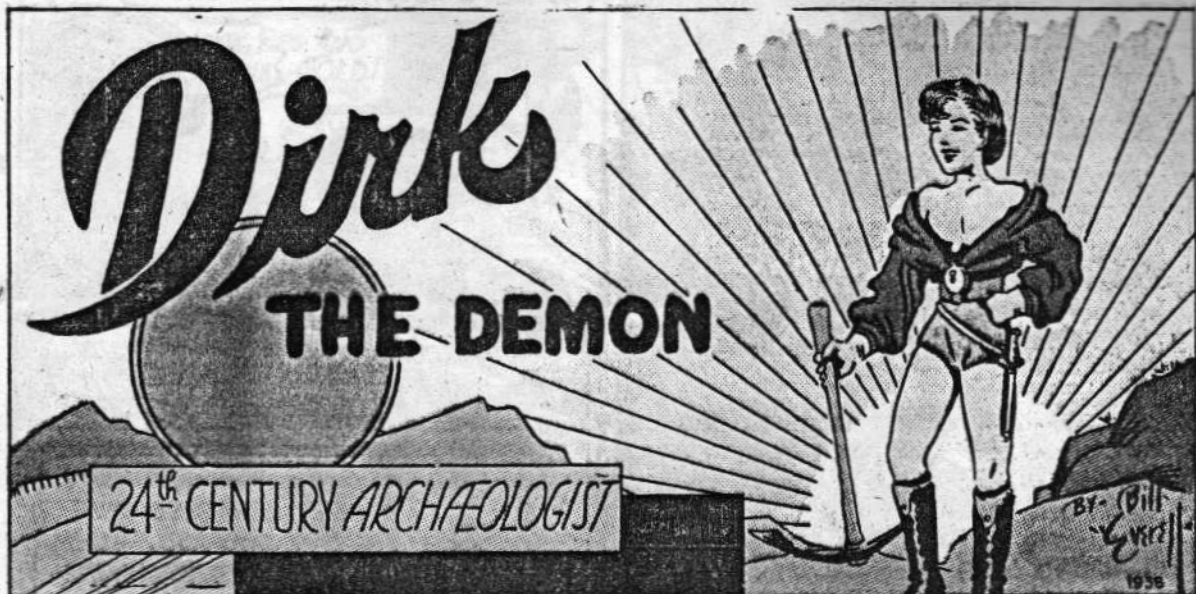


MAUDIE, SOME PEOPLE THINK THIS WILD ANIMAL BUSINESS IS DANGEROUS, - BUT I'LL TAKE IT OVER NATIVE POLITICS ANY DAY.



THE END.





WE FIND DIRK IN HIS OWN PRIVATE DEN IN THE CASTLE OF HIS FATHER, BARON CAY, WHERE HE IS DISCUSSING PLANS FOR THE EXCAVATION OF A CERTAIN PIECE OF PROPERTY WITH HIS PALS.....



REGGAD MUST COLLECT ALL THE TOOLS, AND TAKE THEM TO THE CAVE IN THE SKYCYCLE, AND TEDDY WILL MEET US THERE WITH ALL THE STRONG BOXES HE CAN CARRY. LADDIE, YOU COME WITH ME - WE'LL TAKE PAPA'S HYDROPLANE

JUST AS SOON AS WE CAN DIVERT THE FIELD GUARD'S ATTENTION. HAVE TO BE REAL CAREFUL, THOUGH.



NICE WORK, LADDIE-BOY. WITH THE HYDROPLANE WE SHOULD BE AT THE CAVE IN AN HOUR. HOPE PAPA WON'T HEAR ABOUT THIS UNTIL WE'VE FINISHED. I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL HAVE SOME EXCITEMENT THEN!

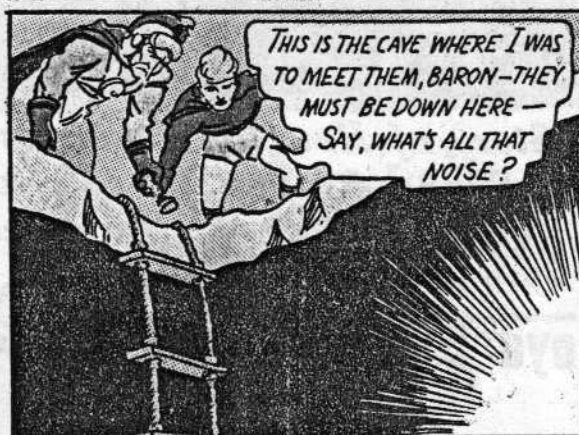
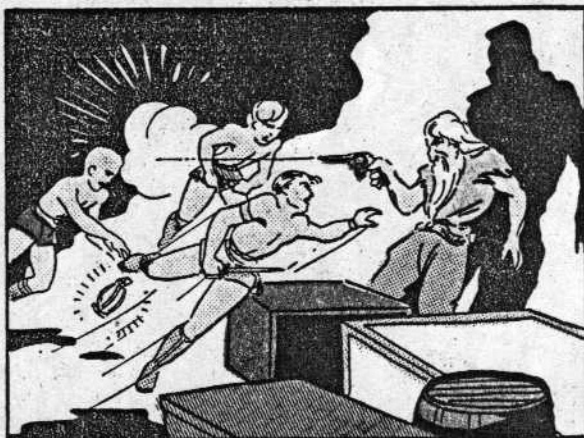
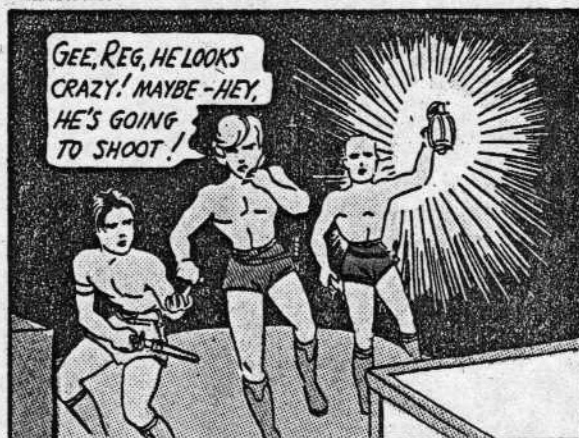




AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES









AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

# HOW TERRY KILGISON FLEW



*The Amazing Inside Story of How the American Ace Broke All Records in Flying Around the World, and How He Won The Million-Dollar Flying Race Against His Will.*

**By Lloyd Dyoll**

**A Complete  
Strange Adventure  
Story**

**T**HIS is the story of how Terry Kilgison flew around the world in one day. I mean the *inside* story, because nobody will ever believe that Terry went around the world in less than twenty-four hours *against his will!*

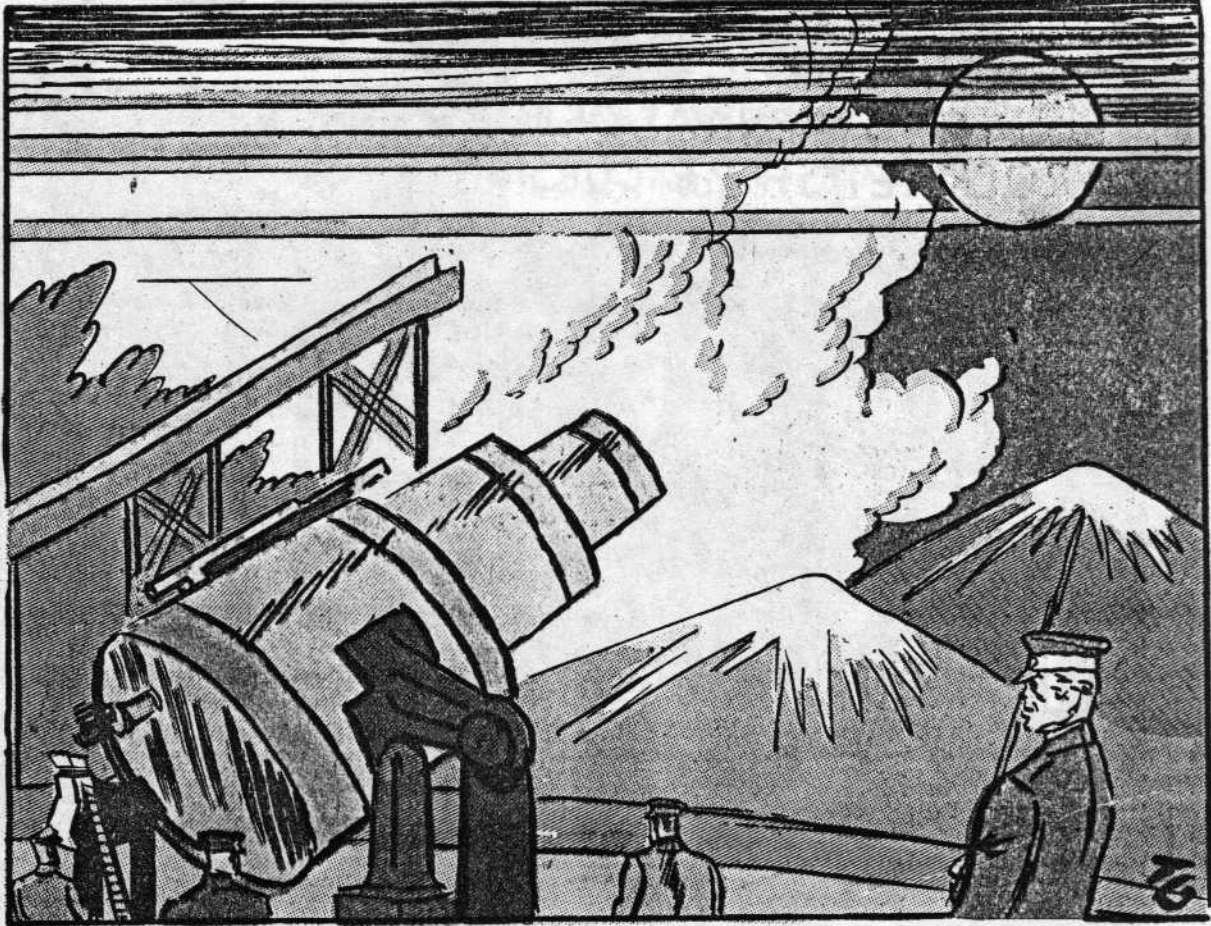
Yet the plucky little American flyer, who had entered the first 'Round-The-World Flying Race WAS first, though he didn't mean it, and I can prove it, because I saw him, with my own eyes, stalk in the Wings Club not quite twenty-four hours after he left it to begin the first leg of his journey, bound for Omsk . . .

This is how it happened.

Tom Norb and I were sitting in the lounge of the famous Wings Club in New York, just waiting for time to pass until we would get the next report of the Round-The-World Flying Race, with five famous flyers from four different countries competing for the fabulous sum of one cool million dollars as first prize. We were writing up the stuff for the New York "Planet," and of course our correspondents tipped off at the strategic points along the course mapped out for the flyers by the International Aeronautique Association made it easy to follow the progress of the various ships.



# AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY



From the very start, Terry Kilgison, the American ace, led the race. Everybody expected him to. He was not only equipped with the fastest bullet-plane ever designed and built, but Terry had a mania for speed that almost streamlined his face. His words were stream-

lined, and he spoke as fast as he flew. He could fly indeed—a mean average of nearly 400 miles an hour, and just about as fast as any human could stand hour after hour, for a flight that counted its refueling stops down to split seconds, and drove right through storm areas rather than lose even a minute of time circumnavigating them . . .

Terry kept on leading the pack, with the rest of the birds right on his heels, until he reached Hitokappu, a speck of dirt a small distance from Vezo. Why Terry ever landed there, nobody knew then, for it was off his course, and obscure enough a place to be very suspicious. Actually, Terry's scheduled stop for fast refueling was Osaka, from which point he was to take off, and carry himself clear across the Pacific, and bring down his swift bullet-plane down in the lower bay of New York . . .

*It wasn't till later that we learned somebody else took Terry's ship to a forced landing in that small island of the Kuril chain. We didn't know it until he told us. Terry had been reported lost by the observers along the mapped route . . . hadn't been seen or heard from in hours. Of course, it was just like Terry not to say a word of his plans, and to turn some*

[CONTINUED AFTER CENTER SPREAD]

## Principal Characters in This Story:

**TERRY KILGISON**, a lovable, fast American ace, who meets an unexpected experience while he is in the lead on the Million-Dollar Round-The-World-Race.

**"THE GUY"**—a strange person who uses the outstanding flyer of the times for a dangerous experiment.

**TOM NORB and I**—both reporters on the New York "Planet", who were first to get the story of Terry's amazing Round-The-World record-breaking flight from Terry himself.



# 2038 A.D.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE WEEKLY  
ROCKET-SHIP EXCURSION ON MARS

WELL - HERE WE ARE  
AGAIN & TOMORROW  
WE'LL BE GOING BACK  
HOME. IT GETS TO  
BE PRETTY MONOTON-  
OUS AFTER A WHILE!

YOU SAID IT! I'M  
GOING TO ASK FOR  
A TRANSFER  
TO THE JUPITER  
RUN - I NEED  
A CHANGE OF  
SCENERY!

SO THIS  
IS MARS!

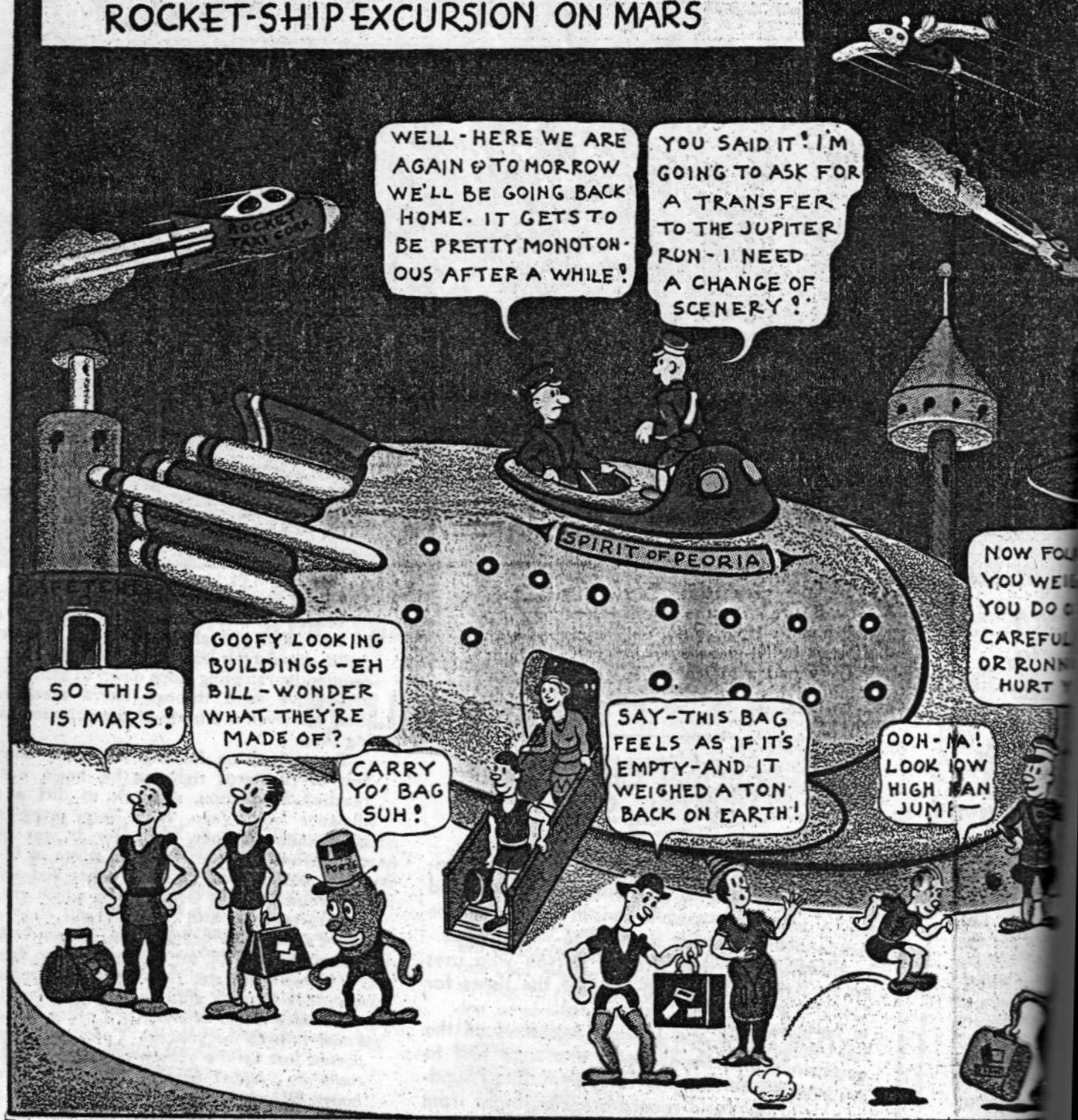
GOOFY LOOKING  
BUILDINGS - EH  
BILL - WONDER  
WHAT THEY'RE  
MADE OF?

CARRY  
YO' BAG  
SUH!

SAY - THIS BAG  
FEELS AS IF IT'S  
EMPTY - AND IT  
WEIGHED A TON  
BACK ON EARTH!

OOH - NA!  
LOOK HOW  
HIGH MAN  
JUMP!

NOW FOLK  
YOU WELL  
YOU DO  
CAREFUL  
OR RUNN  
HURT





IT! I'M  
ASK FOR  
SFER  
PITER  
ED  
SE OF  
Y!

G  
T'S  
IT  
ON  
TH!

OOH-MA!  
LOOK HOW  
HIGH I CAN  
JUMP -

NOW FOLKS-REMEMBER  
YOU WEIGH LESS HERE THAN  
YOU DO ON EARTH- SO BE  
CAREFUL ABOUT JUMPING  
OR RUNNING AND DON'T  
HURT YOURSELVES!

GUIDE

OH I SIMPLY MUST  
GET A PICTURE  
OF THOSE QUAIN'T  
OLD MARTIANS!

LATEST MODEL  
CAMERA-TAKES  
STEREO-COLOR  
PHOTOGRAPHS

THIS USED TO BE  
A NICE, PEACEFUL  
PLANET BEFORE  
THOSE DARNED  
EARTH TOURISTS  
BEGAN TO COME  
HERE IN CROWDS

YEAH- AND THEY  
DON'T EVEN SPEND  
ANY MONEY NOW-  
THEY'RE HAVING  
ANOTHER ONE OF  
THOSE "WORLD  
DEPRESSIONS"!

MARTIAN  
LANGUAGE -  
OF COURSE

WHERE CAN WE GET  
SOMETHING TO EAT?  
I'M SICK OF THAT  
SYNTHETIC FOOD WE  
GOT ON THE SHIP -

SOMEBODY TOLD ME  
ABOUT A LITTLE PLACE  
WHERE THEY SERVE  
REAL MARTIAN FOOD-  
LET'S EAT THERE!

MARTIAN  
CIGAR  
MADE OF  
ARTIFICIAL  
CABBAGE LEAVES

C'MON FOLKS-SEE THE  
FAMOUS CANALS?

SIGHTSEEING  
ROCKETBUS

ASVAN  
EERDE



## →CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGES

unexpected, clever trick that would leave every-one gasping, perhaps a little sore because it wasn't cricket, but smiling because of its daring and its courage.

Perhaps that was what Terry was up to, and that's why Tom Norb and I had decided to wait at the Wings Club for further news and developments. I guess Terry hadn't been heard from in about 10 hours, and the radios all over the Pacific were beginning to buzz around the latitudes to learn whether anybody had seen him—when . . . in walks Terry Kilgison!

Yes, while Tom and I are mooning over the crazy little American ace, and the probabilities of his having struck a snag right in the middle of the Pacific waters, never to be seen or heard of again . . . there he walks right in the lounge of the Wings Club!

It's Terry Kilgison as big as life—and here he shows up, right in New York, ten hours after he's reported missing off the coast of Chosen, in the Japan Sea. Am I crazy?

But Tom saw him too, and gasped. Tom, an old World War correspondent, and a flyer himself—gasped!

We both managed to stutter, incredibly:

"It's you, all right, Terry? It's you?"

But we couldn't believe it!

"Yep, it's me, all right, Terry! Here's me credentials. Passports, fingerprints, and everything. Look 'em over, gents of the Press, if you don't believe me."

It was Terry, all right, with his careless, flip-pant air.

"B-but you are supposed to be down, lost, somewhere in the Pacific, or something . . ." I managed to stammer.

"Well, here I am, all right—" replied Terry, hardly smiling.

"Then you've won the Million Dollar Race!" shouted Tom. "You're a rich guy, Terry . . . One Million Bucks!!!" he screeched. "How . . . how did you do it?" I guess Tom was touched off by the incredibility of it all.

"You broke all records . . ." I managed to put in. "Why, you've made it around the world in 23 hours and 44 minutes, plus 12 seconds!"

Terry stood there, glaring.

"Pipe down, both of you," he replied. "I'm not proud of this race. I sort of won it unfairly . . . You see, I flew all right, but I got here by accident . . ."

"Come now, Terry, you're no Corrigan, we know that!" Tom and I shined in.

"Aw, cut it, fellows. I'm giving you the low-down. The Japs made me win this race, and I almost didn't!" Terry was reluctantly explaining.

Almost simultaneously, Tom and I sensed that perhaps there had been some trick of Terry's—a comical, farcical little stunt that Terry used to pull once in a while when he was tired of official red tape, and disgusted with the stupidity of the human race. Yes, it was possible that Terry was fooling, and that this time, he had over-stepped himself.

"The Japs, Terry?" Tom asked. "Why, they are not even in the race. Why should they, of all people, try to stop you from winning? You're famous in Japan, Terry, and they like you there."

"Come on, Terry, what's the low-down?" I asked brusquely.

"Well, you fellows will never understand it," answered Terry. "Might as well get it off my chest, and fast, too, if you fellows are going to keep it a secret."

"Here's the whole story, and every word of it is true, do you hear?"

"I landed in Osaka a couple of hours ahead of my schedule. The little Pierce Bullet was revving and purring like a watch charm. It's the sweetest little job in the skies—and I was heading for home so fast nobody could have caught up with me any way."

"Well, then, I land in Osaka, and of course, the mechanics rush up to my ship, wheel her around, and into a big drome, and of course, I'm inside, seeing as how we're flying the strato, and everything is sealed in. We have to undergo just a little of decompression, just like the divers do when they come up from the heavy pressure of the water."

"A guy is there to meet me, and he has a big smile. He says to me: 'Mister Kilgison, this is indeed a great honor!' Not knowing who the guy was, and not specially caring, because I was anxious to be on my way back, I say 'Honor for what?' and he answers with a big smile."

"The big smiling guy replies 'To be on time for our big planetary experimental flight.' 'What are you talking about?' I countered. 'Hey, smiling Jack, get my Bullet looked over and re-fueled, and fast, because I've got a couple of more miles to go till I get home, and I want to get there before dinner time tomorrow night!'"

"Then, that fellow lost his smile. He said something in Japanese, and a flock of little fellows surrounded me, and took me somewhere."

"When we got through travelling — and it seemed a long time—the big smiling guy led me, with my hands tied behind my back, to a huge open ground, with a gadget on it that looked very much like an enormous tobogan slide pointing right at the moon. It was night, of course, and the moon shone bright in the heavens."

"Tonight, my dear Kilgison, you will enjoy an unusual honor. You are to be the first man to fly to the Moon! Here is the rocketship, and I am anxious to see how it will perform. I will follow you through this high-power telescope, and you can signal to me through the special system installed on board the rocket, and which I will now explain to you. That's what this guy said to me, Terry Kilgison, American flying ace! Some honor, hey, fellows!"

"I looked around to see how I might get away. The guy was cracked, I could see that. There were high walls all around this place, and only the huge end of the tobogan, pointing





WHEN... IN WALKS TERRY KILGISON!

skyward. Now I could see at the top, a sort of bullet-shaped object, with fins, and observation windows, poised, ready for a flight.

"Quickly, the guy led me toward an elevator, and we were whisked up to the loading platform. Now I could see the rocket better. It was a beauty of a ship . . . just the kind you would dream of using for a trip to the Moon . . . Only, that night, I was not a bit anxious to take off for any other place but New York . . .

"Get inside, my dear Kilgison' the guy said. He pushed me aboard, with a rapid-fire gun in my back. Then, he carefully and clearly explained to me the workings of all the controls. And as I listened with one ear, I looked all around for a way of escape. Then, suddenly, the guy wasn't in the ship anymore, and I heard a door click closed.

"There I was, fellows—aboard a rocketship, and bound for the Moon! Nutty, isn't it?

"I didn't waste time trying to get out of the infernal thing, but the first thing I knew, the rocketship's engines started to spurt fire from the rear exhaust, and I WAS MOVING at full speed down that tobogan, the bottom end of which was pointed upward, in the sky.

"With a terrific rush, we left the runway, and there I was, snapped into space — TOWARD THE MOON . . .

"Whether I wanted to or not—I was going to the Moon, instead of New York. That's what the guy thought. I did some fast thinking, some quick acting, and grasping the metal chair that was the pilot's seat, I started to crash it right into the instrument panel, then, into the apparatus, and the gadgets all around me.

"Nothing happened—or seemed to happen. Our velocity was terrific, and we were flying through stratosphere space at the rate of 5 or 6 miles per second! When I looked through the observation window, I could see, though, that I had done something to the steering gear, which

apparently had been fixed set for the destination of the Moon.

"I was gradually getting off the Moon course, and coming back to earth, but where, I had no idea. I figured then I might as well crash, and forget about the whole thing. We were still going very fast—so fast that only a few hours or so after we had started, I began to see the black water of the Pacific disappear, and here was land once again! For a time, we kept flying through the stratosphere . . .

"Well, crashing on land would be tough, but it was a choice between that or drowning . . . Anyway, I thought, I was always lucky,—they'll surely find me on land!

"We were gliding over the ground at a terrific pace now in flat trajectory. I didn't know what else to do, except close my eyes, and wait. I didn't know where I was, and frankly, gentlemen, didn't care. I wanted this horrible experience of flying against my will, and in an unmanageable ship to come to an end as fast as possible . . . then, there was a sudden shock, and the whole thing rolled over and over, and there I was . . .

Tom and I almost asked the same question at the same time: "Where did you land? Didn't you get hurt?"

"As far as I could make out, I'm unhurt. Didn't know where I was until I asked the truck farmer whose freshly plowed field out on Long Island served as a landing field . . . He told me, then I took the train in, and here I am . . .

"Then, you did fly from Osaka to New York, at that, didn't you Terry?"

"Yes, but listen, fellows. That's the inside story. Don't, for Lord's sake, ever tell the gang how I beat the record. They'd never believe me."

And that's the inside story of how Terry Kilgison flew around the world against his will in less than twenty-four hours!

— THE END —



# TRACKS IN THE SNOW



A complete story  
by H.L. HASTINGS



TRAPPER JOE MEARNS  
BATTLED THRU THE STINGING,  
WIND DRIVEN SNOW, TIRED  
DISCOURAGED.



A LONELY  
CABIN, COLD  
SNOW COVERED  
SEEMED A  
PALACE TO THE  
TRAPPER.

HE MUSED BEFORE  
HIS FIRE. IN DEBT  
FOR HIS GRUB-  
STAKE, TWO  
MOTHERLESS  
CHILDREN COUNTING  
ON THE FUR CATCHING  
AND NO FUR,  
ONLY A FEW  
MUSKRATS.  
JOE DECIDED  
TO PULL OUT  
FOR THE  
SETTLEMENTS





# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

A SILVER FOX!  
WORTH  
HUNDREDS  
MEBBE!  
STAY, CATCH  
HIM

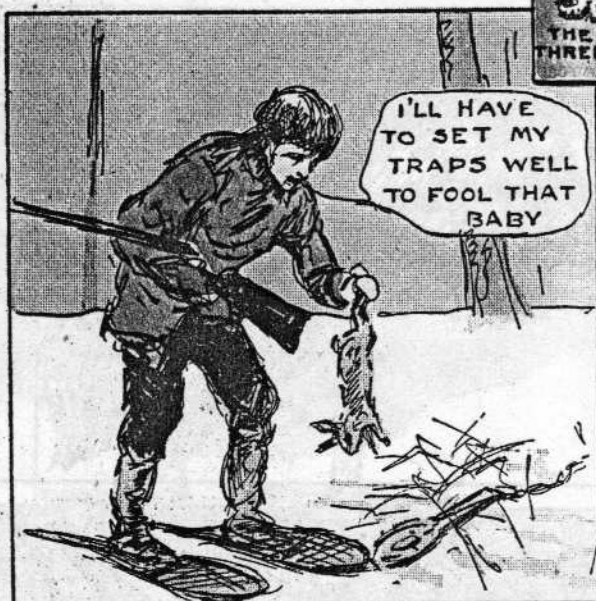


THREE TOES  
ON HIS LEFT  
FRONT FOOT.  
HE'S BEEN  
CAUGHT BEFORE



THE  
THREE TOED  
TRACK

I'LL HAVE  
TO SET MY  
TRAPS WELL  
TO FOOL THAT  
BABY



JOE WAS  
RIGHT THE  
SILVER FOX WAS  
WISE



JOE COULD HAVE SHOT  
ONCE WHEN HE STOLE THE  
BAIT. BUT HE TRAPPER  
FEARED INJURY TO THE FINE SKIN.



BUT AT LAST JOE'S PATIENCE WON.  
THE FOX WAS CAUGHT.

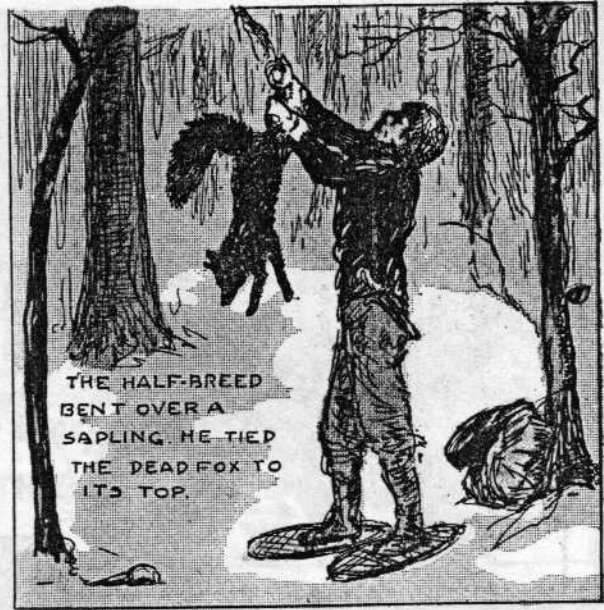




# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES



WHITE TRAPPER  
HEAP LUCKY. I FIX  
HIM FOX SO NOT  
GET SPOILED



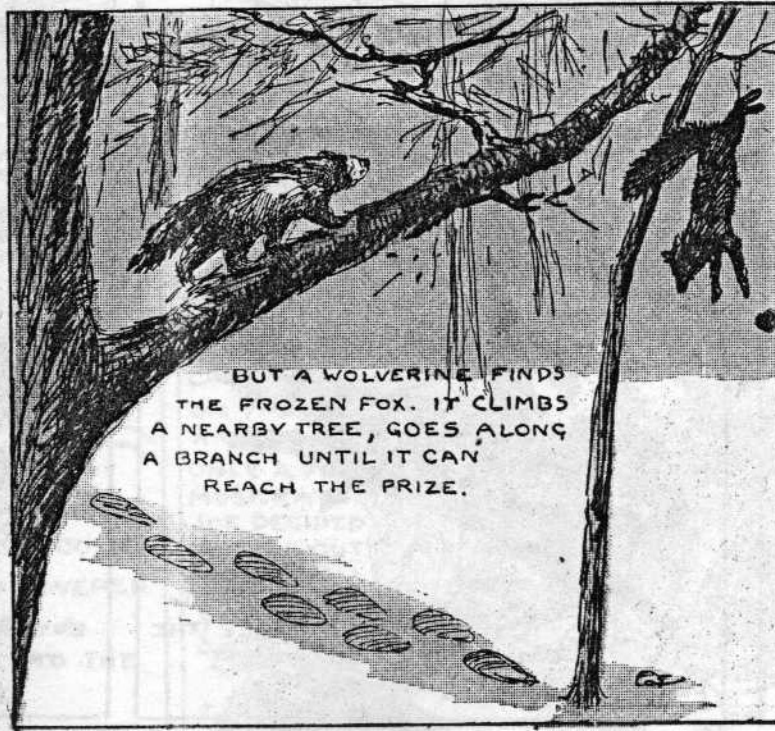
THE HALF-BREED  
BENT OVER A  
SAPLING. HE TIED  
THE DEAD FOX TO  
ITS TOP.



FOX SAFE NOW.  
ONLY A BIRD  
CAN GET HIM



HATED IN THE NORTH  
FOR ITS DESTRUCTIVE  
SAVAGERY, THE  
WOLVERINE PREYS  
ON ALL WILD  
LIFE



BUT A WOLVERINE FINDS  
THE FROZEN FOX. IT CLIMBS  
A NEARBY TREE, GOES ALONG  
A BRANCH UNTIL IT CAN  
REACH THE PRIZE.



# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES



AND THEN  
RETRACES ITS  
STEPS

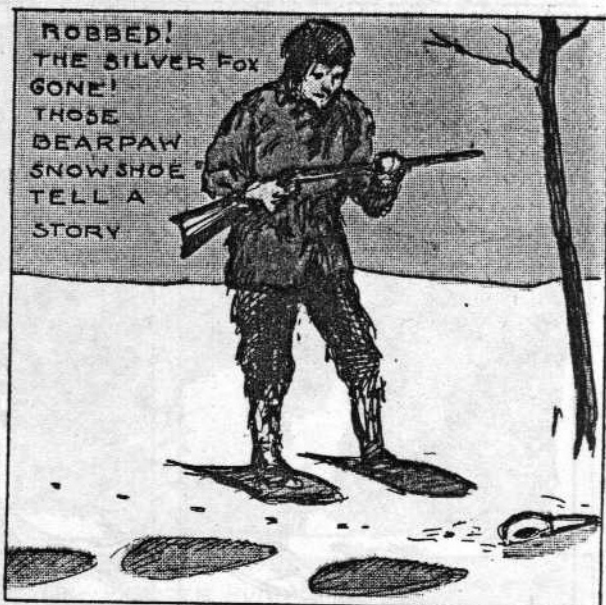


COMING TO THE GROUND  
AGAIN A DISTANCE FROM THE TRAP



THE THREE  
TOED TRACK!  
AND HEADED  
FOR MY TRAPS

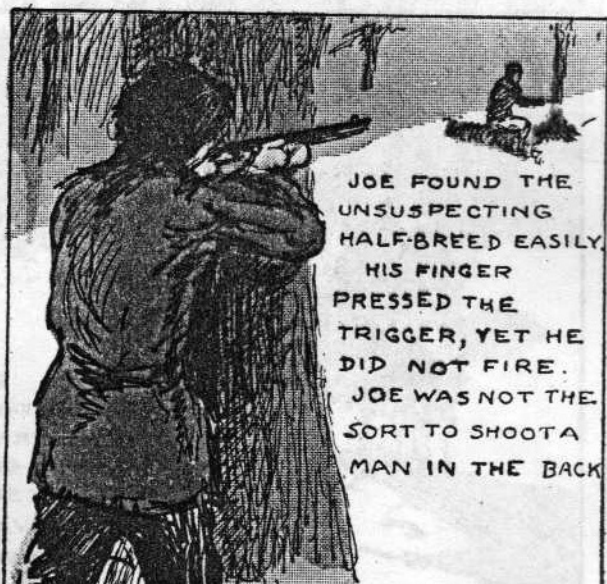
A FEW HOURS LATER



ROBBED!  
THE SILVER FOX  
GONE!  
THOSE  
BEARPAW  
SNOWSHOE  
TELL A  
STORY



THE DIRTY  
SKUNK.  
I'LL FOLLOW  
AND SHOOT  
HIM ON SIGHT



JOE FOUND THE  
UNSUSPECTING  
HALF-BREED EASILY.  
HIS FINGER  
PRESSED THE  
TRIGGER, YET HE  
DID NOT FIRE.  
JOE WAS NOT THE  
SORT TO SHOOT A  
MAN IN THE BACK



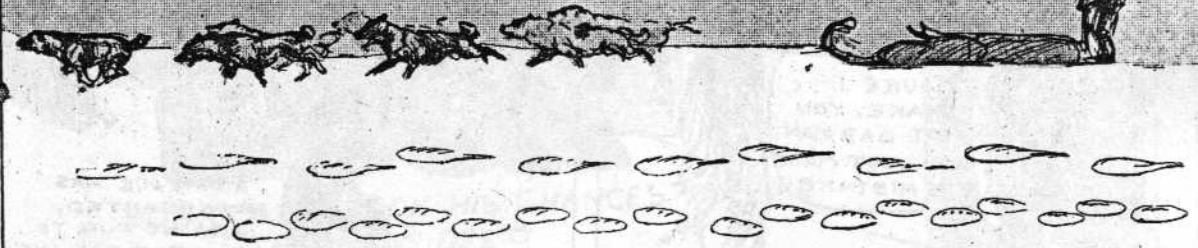




# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

BIG MOOSE DID NOT SPARE HIS DOGS AS HE FOLLOWED THE SNOWSHOE TRAIL

MUSH! MUSH!



WHAT DOES HE WANT

LOOK! LOOK! A DOG TEAM

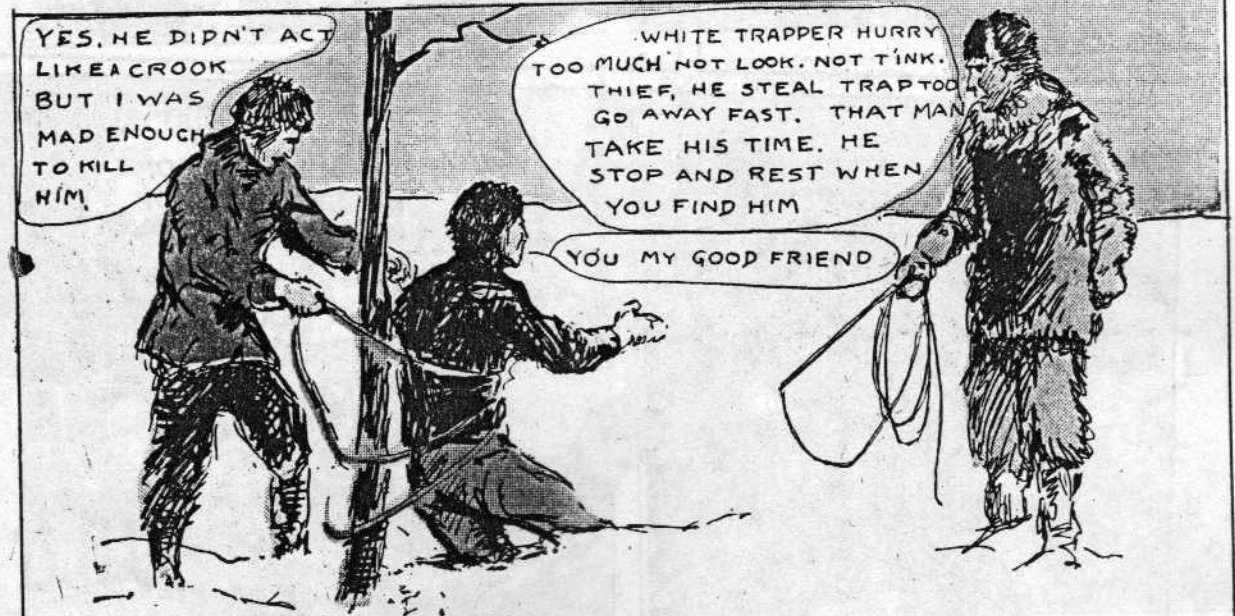
NO. HE'S HONEST MAN WOLVERINE STOLE YOUR FUR

HE STOLE MY FUR

YES, HE DIDN'T ACT LIKE A CROOK BUT I WAS MAD ENOUGH TO KILL HIM

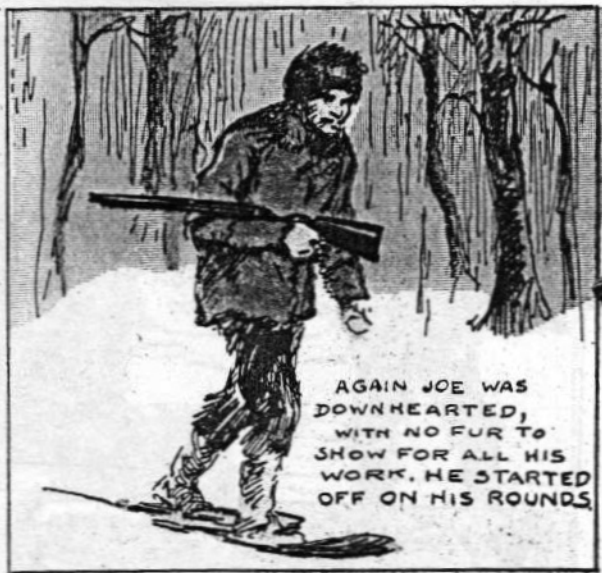
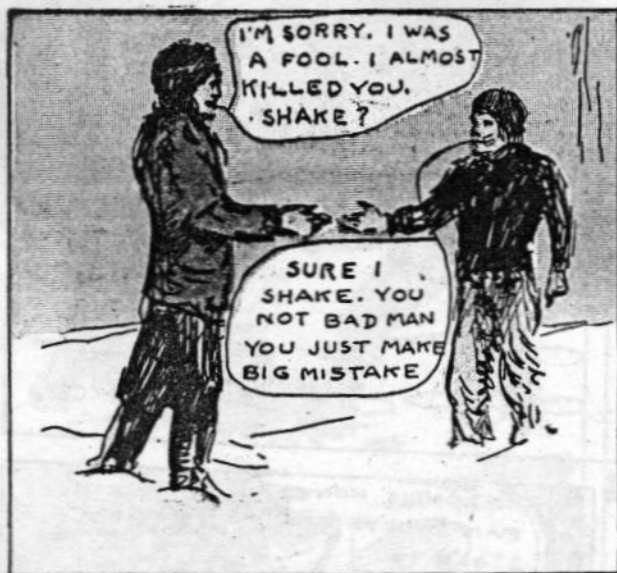
WHITE TRAPPER HURRY TOO MUCH NOT LOOK. NOT TINK. THIEF, HE STEAL TRAP TOO GO AWAY FAST. THAT MAN TAKE HIS TIME. HE STOP AND REST WHEN YOU FIND HIM

YOU MY GOOD FRIEND





# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES





# FISHERMEN'S LUCK

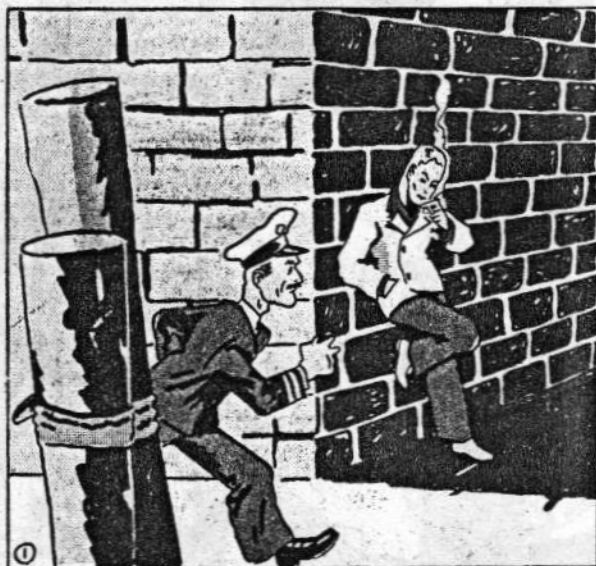
BOB COLBY TOOK HIS CHANCES ON THE  
BRINEY DEED

A COMPLETE STORY IN PICTURES

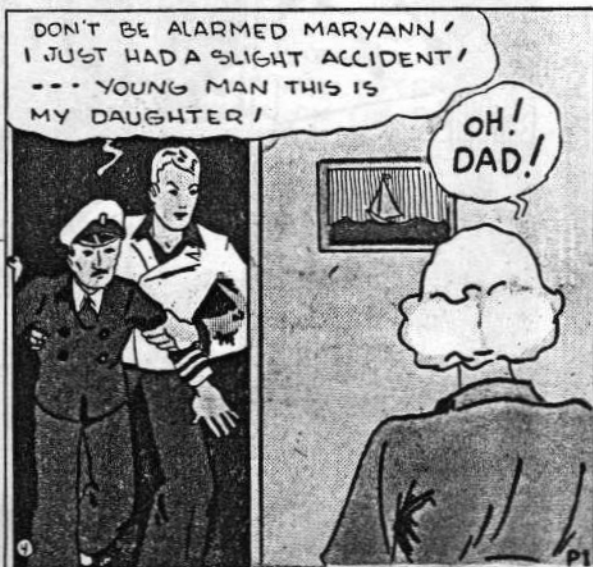
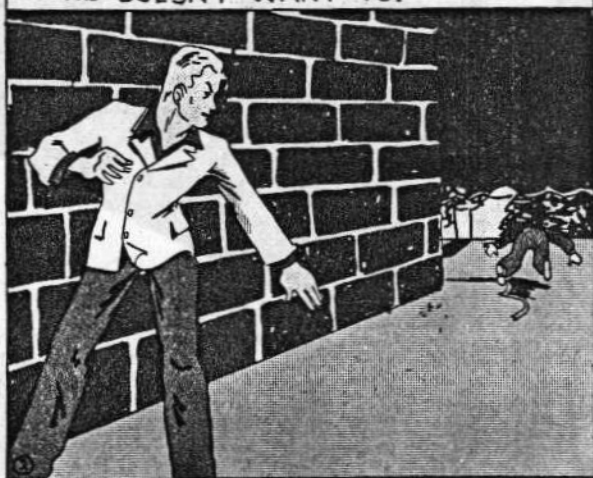
BY MARTIN FILCHOCK



BOB COLBY



BOB COLBY, YOUNG WANDERER  
WHO CAN'T STAY OUT OF TROUBLE  
-AND DOESN'T WANT TO!

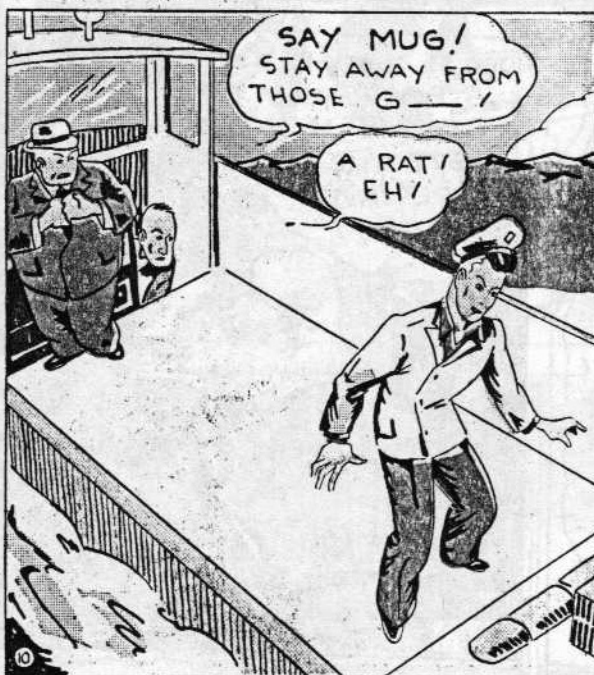






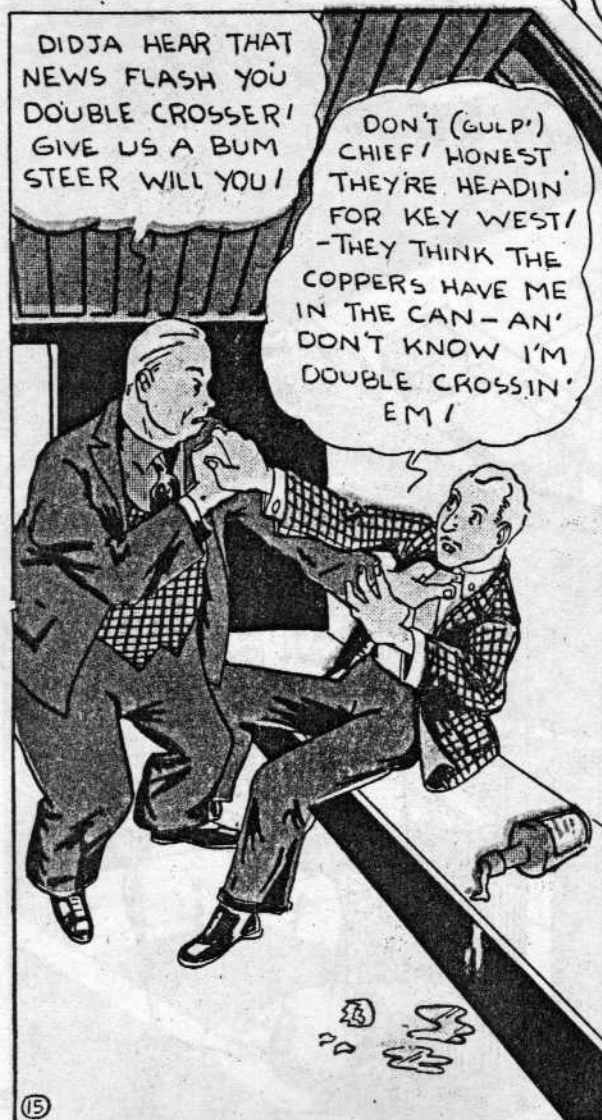


# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

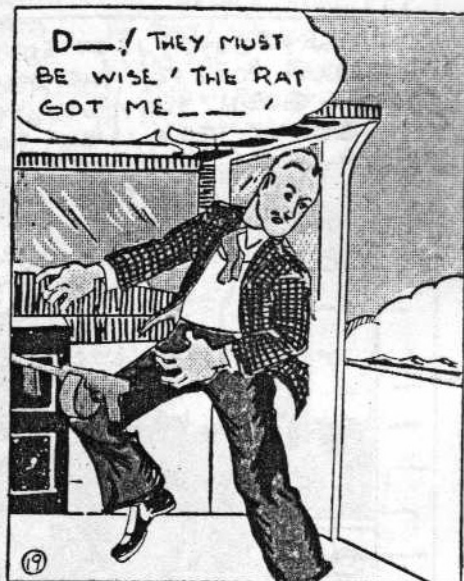




# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

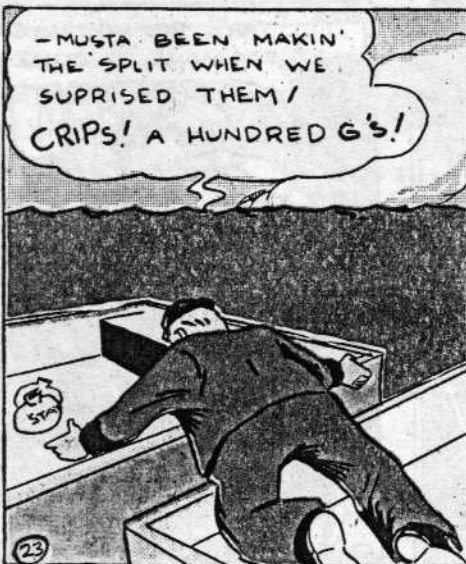
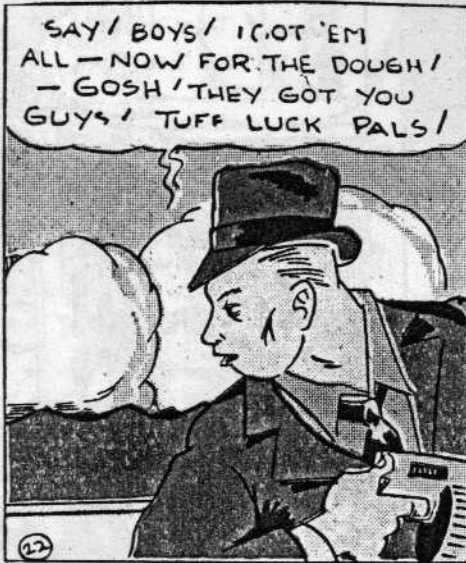






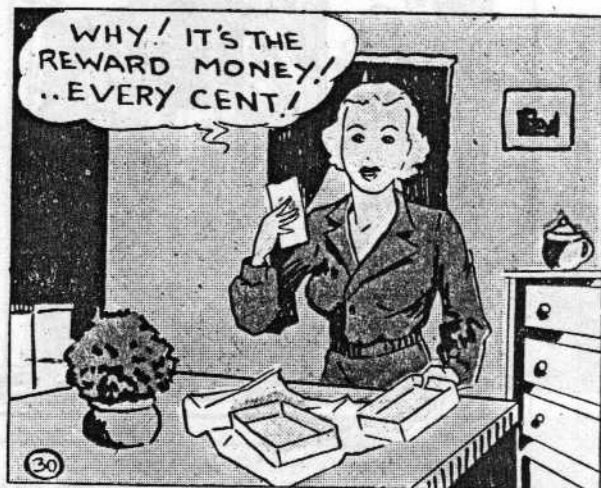


# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES





# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES





# MAN-HUNT



BY  
WILLIAM E. EISNER

REACH!! YA OL' BUZZARD!  
—OR I'LL LET DAYLIGHT  
THOUGH YA—

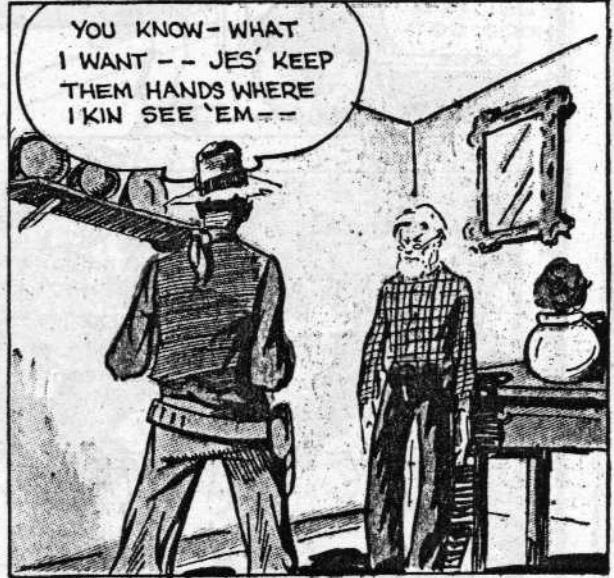


—DAT'S IT— NOW  
BACK UP INTER  
THE ROOM—

'BREED'  
CROW!!  
WOTCHA WANT  
WITH ME?



YOU KNOW—WHAT  
I WANT -- JES' KEEP  
THEM HANDS WHERE  
I KIN SEE 'EM--



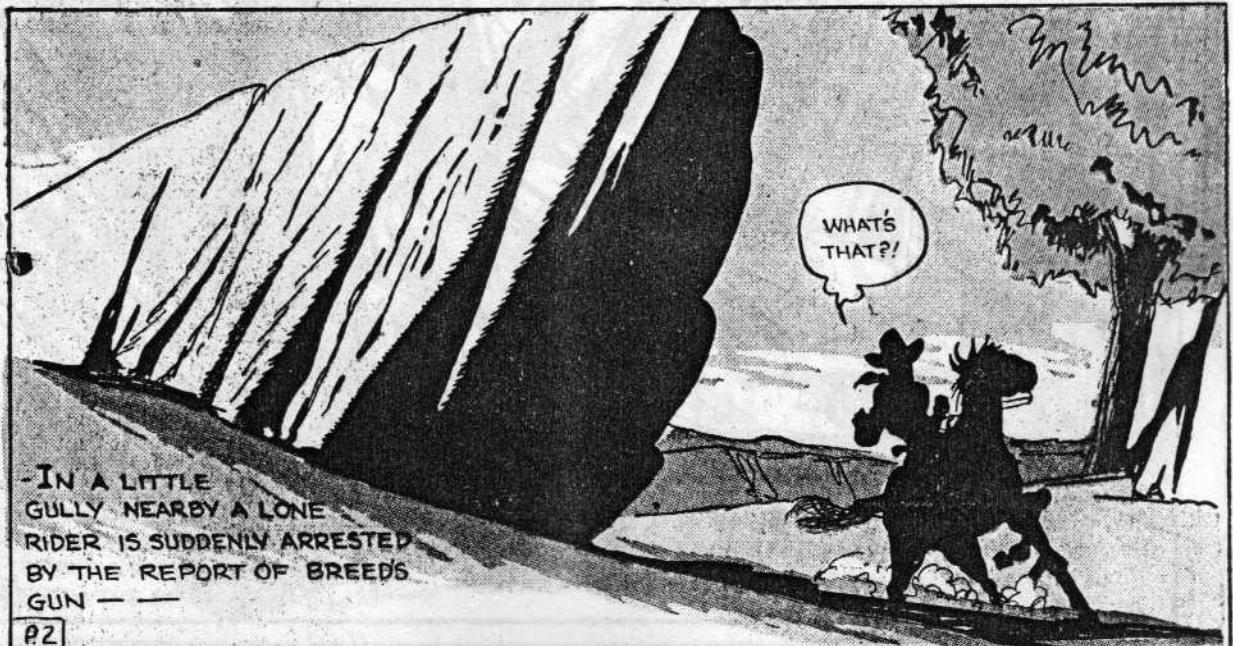
—YES, BREED — I KNOW-- BUT YOU  
AINT A GITTIN' IT— THET LAND CHARTER  
UP IN CARIBOU — I'M A SAVING  
THET -- YOU'LL NEVER GIT  
IT FROM ME— SO YUH BETTER  
PUT UP YO'RE GUN — I AINT AFRAID O'YOU—



—YEAH?—WAL LEESEN TO ME, RUF—  
I AINT FOOLIN' THEES TIME—I KNOW  
WHAR YOU GOT ET  
HID!!









# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

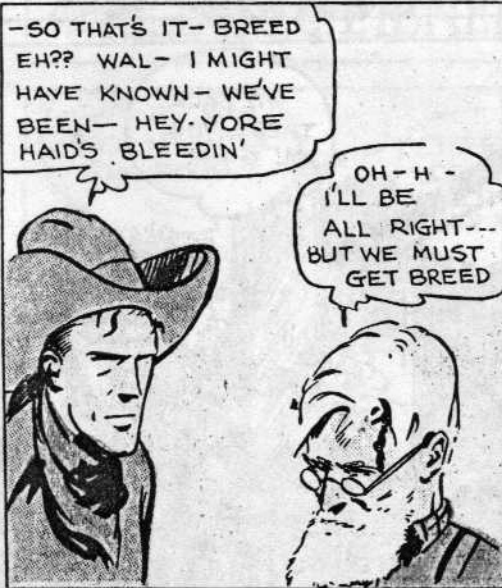


AH-THERE  
IT IS— A  
LITTLE  
HOUSE



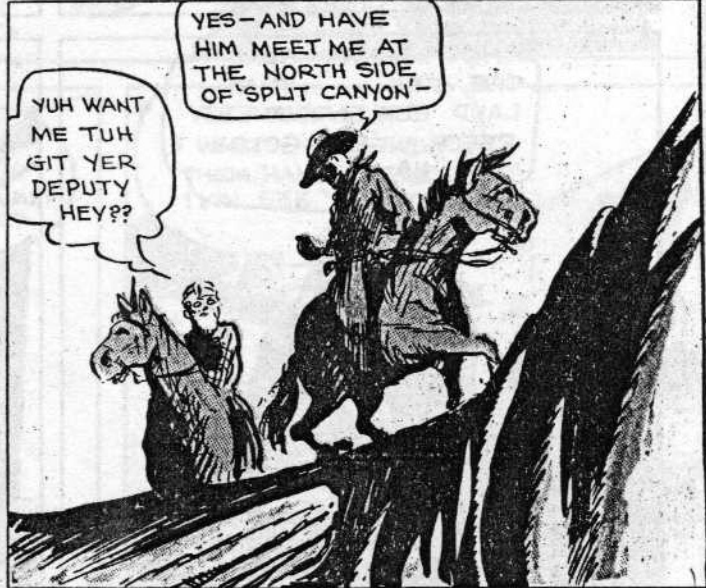
WHY--  
IT'S RUFE--  
WHO-WHO SHOT  
YUH-- WAIT  
-I-I'LL HELP  
YUH!!

THANK  
GOD--  
YOU'VE  
COME,  
TEX



— SO THAT'S IT— BREED  
EH?? WAL— I MIGHT  
HAVE KNOWN— WE'VE  
BEEN— HEY-YORE  
HAID'S BLEEDIN'

OH-H--  
I'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT---  
BUT WE MUST  
GET BREED



YES— AND HAVE  
HIM MEET ME AT  
THE NORTH SIDE  
OF 'SPLIT CANYON'—

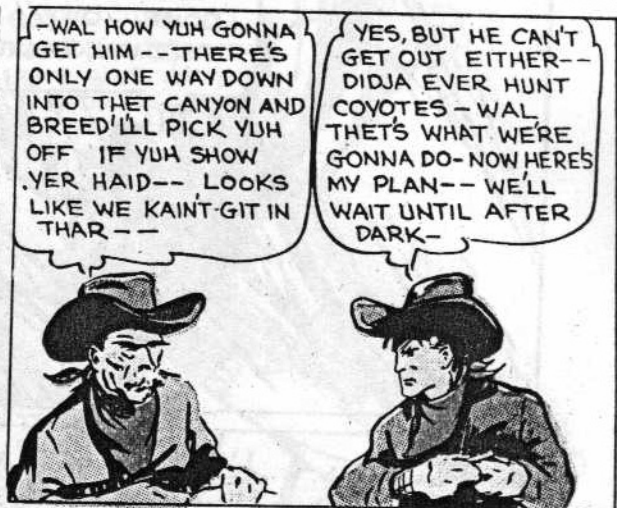
YUH WANT  
ME TUH  
GIT YER  
DEPUTY  
HEY??



IN 'SPLIT CANYON'  
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE NATURAL CREVICE  
IN THE RICHEST GOLD FIELD IN THE WEST IS  
A LITTLE CABIN— WHERE BREED HAS RETREATED—



# AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES











THE DAYS PASS SLOWLY BY— AS THE HUNTER WAITS FOR HIS GAME— ON THE MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY---



BAH— HE'S STEEL THERE— FOR THREE DAYS I NO SLEEP SO I CAN WATCH HEEM— I AM CORRALED LIKE STEER— I MUST GET OUT OF HERE— NOW!!

THUS— DESPERATE FROM HIS CONSTANT VIGIL 'BREED' DECIDES ON A MAD PLAN—

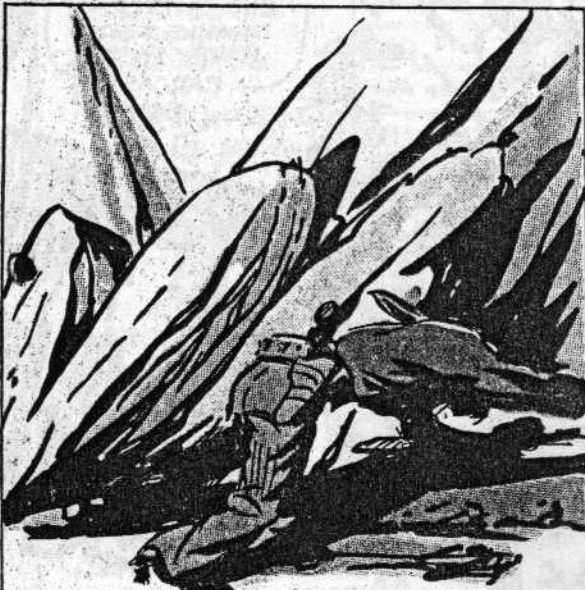


CROUCHING LOW— HE RUNS FOR THE ROCKS—



OOPS— THERE HE GOES —WAL I'LL KEEP MORE TO THE LEFT SIDE OF THE CANYON

EVER ALERT 'WILD' TEX SEES THE MOVE AND --- GOES INTO ACTION— THE CHASE IS ON!!



THE SHOT SENDS BREED SPRAWLING AS IT NARROWLY MISSES HIM—



UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE BREED CLAMBERING UPWARD FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY TEX—





-COME AN GET ME--  
LAW MAN



-HOW'S OUR COYOTE, NED!!  
-- I'M A GOIN' BACK TO GIT MY HAT-- HE PUT A HOLE IN IT--







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